

ISAACS INTERVIEWED.

The Case County Murderer Remained in Kansas City.

Kansas City Journal.

Yesterday morning Sheriff Stevens of Cass county arrived in this city having in charge Richard Isaacs, the murderer of Henderson Clark, the details of whose murder were published in Sunday's issue. Isaacs was brought here and put in the county jail, it being thought that he would be easier here than in jail at Harrisonville. A Journal reporter visited the prisoner yesterday morning and from him learned several facts relating to the crime. According to Isaacs' own statement he was born near Boone, North Carolina, in the year 1849. For the last three years he has been farming about six miles from Paola, Kas. The reporter said: I understand, Mr. Isaacs, that you have acknowledged committing the crime of which you are charged.

Isaacs—Yes, sir, I did not deny killing the man, but I did not know what caused me to do it. I must have been crazy.

Reporter—Tell me how the act was committed.

Isaacs—We were driving cattle when I shot him, and were more than five feet apart. We were riding on horseback and his horse was just a little ahead of mine, about half a length.

Reporter—Did you say anything to him when you were about to shoot?

Isaacs—Not a word passed between us.

Reporter—What did the man do after the shot was fired?

Isaacs—After he was shot he dropped his head forward and continued bending over till his head touched the ground, then he fell flat on his back. He made scarcely a struggle. I saw him move his teeth twice as he lay on the ground. [By moving his teeth Isaacs meant that the man gave two slightly spasmodic gasps.]

Reporter—After the man fell you dragged the body into the brush to one side of the road, didn't you?

Isaacs—No; I let it lay where it fell.

Reporter—You don't mean to say that the body lay in the middle of the road, and was undisturbed for days, do you?

Isaacs—I did not shoot the man in the road; it was in a little place between two roads; that is, the road forked, and then came together again, and it was in a place just about fifty yards from each road that Clark fell. I then turned my horse loose on the prairie, and taking him, went on to Westline, where I shipped the cattle to St. Louis.

Reporter—I understand that the body was found badly mutilated. Have you seen it since it was in the horse?

Isaacs—About half an hour before sundown, on the day that I shot Clark, I walked out from Westline to the place where the body lay. It was lying on its back, with the face turned upwards, just as I left it. I took the dead man's hat, and with it covered his face, and then, taking his coat, I laid it over the body.

Reporter—Didn't you feel badly about what you had done while you were doing this?

Isaacs—Of course I did. I hated it as soon as I shot him.

Reporter—You went to St. Louis and disposed of the cattle, and then came right back to the vicinity of where you committed the crime, and you were captured while cutting corn in a field near Aubrey, were you not?

Isaacs—Two men, one of them armed with a shot-gun and the other with a revolver, captured me in a corn field near Paola. They demanded the money and I went and got it for them.

Reporter—Weren't you soon to be married to the daughter of the man at whose place you were cutting the corn?

Isaacs—Yes, sir; that's what they say.

Reporter—What did your sweetheart do when she heard you were accused of being a murderer and saw you in the custody of two men?

Isaacs—I don't know. I did not see her at the time I was captured, and I haven't heard from her since.

The murderer is five feet three inches in height and weighs about 135 pounds. He was dressed in a suit of brown overalls; his hands and face are sunburnt, his hands showing the effects of severe manual labor. He has small blue eyes which are in deep shadow and are overtopped by a coarse, heavy forehead. It was an impossibility for the reporter to catch the prisoner's eye. On being asked a question he would occasionally look up, but it was for a moment only and then his gaze would again be directed downward. Isaacs' cell is in the same row with the one which was occupied by Green, but Isaacs is about six doors further north than that of the executed murderer. From the state of the case, and judging from the way Isaacs talked yesterday it is very probable that he will plead temporary insanity.

Accommodating Highwaymen.

A man who lives just east of the Kansas City fair grounds was going home about 9 o'clock on Monday night, and to shorten the distance he would have to travel, he cut across the grounds. Just as he was passing the fine art hall two men emerged from the shadows, and with drawn revolvers ordered him to throw up his hands. The man exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you've struck a pauper this time!" threw up his hands, and something was said in one of his hands and one of the robbers said, "What have you there?" "A bottle of medicine for which I just got treated at the drug store," replied the man. The next request was to "throw it down." "It will break it if I do so; let me pour my coat down first," he said. With the muzzle of both pistols flaming down on him, the man proceeded to direct himself of his coat and throw the medicine bottle upon it. Then the searching business commenced, but nothing but a pocket-knife, a piece of tobacco and a few papers were found. There were not taken, and the robbers seeing that the man was really as poor as he claimed to be, told him to go his way. Then it was the man's turn to ask tribute from the robbers, so he said: "Gentlemen, I have no bread nor meat at home, and I think that after making me go through all this business, you ought to lend me—well, say a quarter." One of the highwaymen went down into his pocket, and bringing up a silver quarter, handed it to the impressionable fellow.

On Thursday, the 23rd ult., the son of J. P. Smith, while driving a log out of a cornfield in Adams county, was thrown from his horse and was killed after being several times shot in the back. The body was found about 10 o'clock on Friday morning, and was lying on its back, with its head toward the south.

Excursionists.

William Stephenson and George Griffin took a little excursion into the country on Sunday, which has caused them a little more trouble than they anticipated. The facts in the case, which show up bad for Griffin are as follows:

On Saturday Griffin made a proposition to Stephenson to go out in the country, down about Cole Camp, and Stephenson agreed providing Griffin would furnish the rig. Griffin agreed to do so, and on Sunday morning, at about 4 o'clock, Griffin called at Stephenson's house and awakened him from sleep. The team was at the door and the two got in, and on their way called upon a young lady by the name of Meyer, whom we are informed is not a bad character. They then drove to Miss Meyer's home, below Cole Camp, to bring a sister to town. On Sunday night the storm prevented their returning and they were forced to take shelter in a farm house. On Monday morning they continued their journey homeward, but were met by parties looking for the team. This is the first intimation that Stephenson and the young ladies had that all was not right. The party was brought to town by Sheriff Murray and the young men locked up in the county jail last night, upon a charge of stealing the horses. The ladies, of course were not molested. This morning the young men were taken before Squire Clark for a preliminary examination, when the following further facts were developed. Griffin went to the fair grounds and caught up a couple of horses, belonging to Mr. Meyer, and hitched them to a wagon belonging to another party, first obtaining a list of horses, the property of a third party. Stephenson had nothing to do with the furnishing of the rig, but merely accepted an offer to ride. This was admitted and sworn to by both parties. Upon this statement of things the justice discharged Stephenson and held Griffin for examination in five hundred dollars bail. That is about the sum and substance of the affair. Young Griffin has probably "got his foot in it." It is a dangerous business to catch up horses for the purpose of taking a ride, without the owner's knowledge or consent, and to prevent occurrences of a similar character, those who are detected must be punished, and that severely. The examination of Griffin will take place on next Monday, before Squire Clark.

Deaths.

Mr. Isabella Goode was buried this morning. She died yesterday of consumption. Her husband and four sons died of the same disease, all within two years. There are two girls left of the family. Their ages are twelve and sixteen. They will find a home with Mr. J. L. Hall's family.

A Novelty.

The Missouri Pacific has what is called, for the want of another name, a steam hand car. It looks very much like a common hand car, but with a small boiler and engine set in the middle. It can make about forty miles an hour and is designed for local officers of the road at this place.

Yesterday the following gentlemen got on board and started on a trip to Pleasant Hill: L. B. Rhodes, foreman of the round house, Abie Hagan, train master, Ed. Gould, chief train dispatcher, Noah Storms, night yardmaster and Howard Parker, operator.

They went as far as Holden, we understand, when an accident or something else broke which caused them to return.

The smoke stack is made in the shape of a man's head with a hat on. A pipe in the mouth is used for a steam whistle. The whistle is called "Cousin Joe," and if it proves a success, so far as the running power is concerned it will be a vast improvement on the old style of hand car.

Committed to Jail.

The man who was arrested about a week ago, charged with stealing a watch from Bob Morrow, had a preliminary trial to-day before Squire Warden. The judge thought him guilty and fixed his bail at \$250, which failing to give, he was remanded to jail to await the sitting of the criminal court. His name is Elijah Wilson, and in the third card monte man who was tried at the last term of the criminal court and acquitted. When he arrived here he had been just four days out of the penitentiary. He will probably return in a short time to the capital and pay his friends a protracted visit.

A Cry of Distress.

The project to raise money for the fever stricken south, among the employees of the M. & K. T. road, has met a flattering success so far. About one week ago the ball was set in motion. A subscription paper was prepared and has been presented to about one half of the number of employees, and in the course of the coming week will reach all. The boys are only asked to give what they think they can spare, and no specified sum is asked. The subscription paper speaks in laudatory terms of the words of the charity and benevolence of the boys. As a general thing railroad work is of such a character that employees find it hard to get much money or property asked for themselves. They are all in comparatively poor circumstances, but we will have to hunt around a long time to find a more charitable set of people. They are always ready and willing to divide their living with those more unfortunate. They are quick to hear the piercing cry of distress and their hearts are not steel against the poverty of others nor the stars deaf to their cries.

The amount raised up to Saturday night and turned over to the Treasurer, Col. A. D. Jaynes, for transmission is \$629.30. The good that this money will do will be the reward of the donors. The agonized cry "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken us?" will cease, and the sufferer's heart will be filled with joy to know that they are not forgotten; that they have friends even in the remote portions of the country.

An Audacious Theft.

A cosmopolitan, giving his name as Frank Barr, called at Aldred's tailor shop on Saturday afternoon and began to talk trade. Mr. Aldred stepped out for a moment and when he returned the man was gone. In the evening Mr. Aldred missed a piece of cloth, worth about six dollars; suspicious at once rested on the man, and this morning a search warrant was issued to Constable Conner and he proceeded to the fair grounds where Barr was at work, in the employ of Bob Brown. Officer Conner searched the premises thoroughly, but found no trace of the man. A large cloth, which was the work of looking, and there was the cloth which was missing. The man Barr is a native of Ireland and is now in the employ of Squire Clark.

TEA PARTY IN CLAY.

John Bush Shoots and Kills Dick Smith.

Last Friday a shooting affair occurred in the vicinity of Kearney, which resulted fatally to one Richard Smith, John Bush being the party who started the lead which weighed so heavily on Smith. The facts in the case, as learned from parties familiar with them, are these. Smith some time ago stole a pair of shoes, and through the instrumentality of Bush was arrested, convicted and sentenced to a term of thirty days in the county jail. He was discharged from custody on Thursday, his term of imprisonment having expired. He was greatly incensed at Bush, and with hatred ranking in his heart, a yearning for revenge took possession of him. On Friday afternoon, Smith and his brother met Bush on the road and immediately attacked him with clubs, whereupon Bush drew a revolver and shot Dick Smith, the ball taking effect in his bowels, inflicting a wound from which he died on Saturday. Bush immediately struck out for Liberty, and gave himself up to the authorities. Both men were residents of Clay, having been reared in that county from infancy. But little blame is attached to Bush for having killed Smith.

Tribute of Respect.

At a regular meeting of the Sedalia Lodge, No. 236, A. F. and A. M., September 7th, 1878, the following resolutions were adopted:

To the W. M. Wardens and Brethren of Sedalia Lodge, No. 236, A. F. and A. M.

Your Committee on Resolutions would respectfully beg leave to make the following report:

WHEREAS, This lodge has been apprised of the death of Bro. Richard H. Smith, which took place July 26th, at Hannibal, Des Moines, England;

Resolved, That in the death of Brother H. Smith this lodge has lost a generous, warm-hearted brother, one ever ready to extend aid and sympathy to the poor and distressed.

Resolved, That while we view with sorrowful hearts this evidence of our mortality, and the sudden severance of earthly ties and associations, and regret that no lodge was near enough to attend our brother's funeral and perform the last rites over the grave, yet we rejoice to learn that he was surrounded during his last hours by relatives and kind friends who tenderly ministered to all his wants, and with hearty sympathy joined him to rest by the side of his deceased mother in the family vault, amid the scenes of his childhood and youth.

Resolved, That the heartfelt condolence of the brotherhood of this lodge be tendered to the bereaved widow and children of our deceased brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow, and also a copy to the daily papers of the city, with a request that the same be published.

R. H. SMITH, R. S. SCALES, R. B. MORTON, Com.

Married.

On Sunday, September 8th, in North Sedalia, by Logan Clark, justice of the peace, Mr. Harvey L. Royal and Miss Anna Svenson.

Stabbing in St. Louis.

Charles H. Sloan, pilot of the steamer Edwardville, at present used as a quarantine boat, attempted yesterday afternoon to separate two deck hands who were fighting but only succeeded in transferring the difficulty to himself. One of the rowdies, Wm. Hunt by name, drew a pocket knife, chased Sloan around the boat, and finally catching him, plunged the blade to the hilt into his left side near the nipple. Hunt was arrested and will be held to await the result of Sloan's injuries, which are considered dangerous. The boat at the time of the affair was lying at the foot of Carroll street. Both are married men.

Another difficulty occurred on the south-west corner of twenty-fifth street and Cass avenue, night before last, between John Callahan, living at 2418, and Tim Sullivan residing at 2514 Cass avenue. Callahan held a small crowd-driver in his hand when the row commenced, and becoming enraged at some remark from the other, stabbed Sullivan in the left cheek, the weapon passing entirely through the cheek bone.

The wound was dressed by Dr. Hodges and Hendricks, and pronounced very dangerous. Callahan was arrested.

Pig-Hearted Indeed.

The yellow fever epidemic in the South has caused trouble in unexpected quarters. The New Orleans Times, of a recent date, has this caustic paragraph: "Amid the generous and sympathetic efforts of cities and towns all over the country, it is pleasant to note the noble and unselfish attitude of our nearest neighbors (7), Galveston and Mobile. It was to be expected that they would be first and most liberal in deeds of kindness towards their sister towns. Their response is simply unparallelled. Their contributions in aid of yellow fever sufferers amount to the handsome sum of \$200,000.00."

Railroad News.

Chicago Tribune, August 31st: Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, General Western Passenger Agent of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy railroad, will bid adieu to Chicago Monday, to make his headquarters hereafter in St. Joseph. Mr. Hitchcock's department will comprise all that territory west of the Missouri River to the Pacific, and south to the Gulf of Mexico. He will be entirely independent, and will make his reports directly to the Traffic Manager of the road. All communications regarding the passenger business of his territory should be directed to him at St. Joseph. Mr. Hitchcock has been connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad since 1863, except for a short space of time, when he occupied the position of General Agent of the Erie & Chicago line. He has gained an enviable reputation as a successful and energetic manager, and has a multitude of friends in the city, whom he wishes accompany him to his new sphere of usefulness.

A Suburban Outrage.

A girl named Louisa Hest, who resides with her parents on McGee avenue, about two blocks west of Grand avenue, reported at the Missouri Police Station on Sunday evening, that about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when she was on her way to work, she was assaulted by a colored man about 25 years of age; whom she gave a correct description. She says the villain attempted to outrage her; that she then ran up the street and sought refuge in a house, where she was taken up by the police, and the man was arrested.

OTHO OFFUTT.

The Leader of the Concordia Bank Robbers an Old-Time Bandit.

Otho Offutt, the leader of the Concordia bank robbers, is well known in Boone county. He was the leader of a band of eight or ten desperate men, who infested the Parke hills for several years during the war. It was his band that Captain Cook, of Boone, surprised one dark night, killing four of Offutt's band and severely wounding him. Offutt fought like a lion, killing one of Captain Cook's men in a hand-to-hand encounter. Some five of the band escaped, but Offutt was badly hurt. He went to the house of a farmer, about a mile from where the fight took place, alone and covered from head to foot with blood, almost frightening the farmer's wife and little children out of their wits. He raved like a demon, and it was a long time before the farmer could get anything out of him. The man of the house went immediately for a physician, who lived in the neighborhood, who came and dressed the wounds of the desperado and nursed him until he recovered. He has been back to the county several times since the war, but kept very quiet, only visiting his old haunts and stopping with such people as he knew to be his friends. He was a tyrant to those days and ruled the community where he lived as absolutely as the Czar of Russia rules the serfs of his empire. He and his men lived off the best the country afforded and forced the people not only to cook their food, but bring it to them. The farmers were made to hand out and come to feed their horses, and to do their bidding generally. One of the most respectable citizens in the neighborhood once refused to go to town and buy Offutt a pair of boots, and was knocked down and severely beaten for his temerity. Many people in that county will rejoice to hear of his capture.

An Item from Chariton.

Tuesday last week an affair occurred between Mr. E. E. Dunham and Mr. F. A. Mayhugh, who live on adjoining farms in Chariton county, in which Dunham was shot in the left shoulder and side. Another version of the affair is, that he had been existing between the parties for some time past, caused by Dunham's stock breaking into Mayhugh's field, and on Tuesday morning, Mayhugh, discovering Dunham's hogs again in his corn, took his shot-gun and started in pursuit of them, driving them towards Dunham's cow-pen, where Dunham's son was engaged in milking. Upon arriving at the cow pen, Mayhugh and young Dunham became involved in a quarrel, which the elder Dunham hearing, he at once proceeded to the cow pen and also became involved in the dispute, and called Mayhugh a liar. Upon Dunham's calling him a liar, Mayhugh made a motion as if to raise his gun, when Dunham fearing that he would shoot, seized a piece of fence-rail and struck him over the head, felling him to the ground. Mayhugh raised himself to a sitting position and discharged one barrel of his gun at Dunham, the lead taking effect in the shoulder and side as above stated. The younger Dunham immediately sprang upon Mayhugh, wrestled the gun from his grasp, and handed it to his father. Mayhugh then retreated through the corn-field, Dunham firing at him as he ran, but without effect. Dunham's wound is considered quite serious.

A Co-incidence.

The Springfield Patriot-Advertiser records a case very much similar to the Chetopa Richmond case, if it is really not the same case, only slightly mislaid. It says: "A short time ago a man by the name of Rich, who has lived in Lawrence county for years, left his home for Kansas, it was believed, with a bundle in his hand. Two young men followed him, starting about two hours after he left, and have not since been heard from. It is becoming the current opinion that the boys were murdered by Rich. He says he saw them in Kansas, but refuses to give any further information. The man to whom he had formerly worked, but who, unknown to Rich, was a detective. He suspected all was not right, and arrested Rich. While he was conveying him to town for the purpose of delivering to the authorities, Rich drew a revolver and shot his captor dead. He then made his escape, and, singularly enough, came back to Missouri, where he was shortly overtaken by citizens of Kansas, whose information he now languishes in jail at Mt. Vernon. Threats of lynching were indulged in, but we presume the law will be allowed to take its course."

What to do.

The puzzled of the bankrupt law has puzzled a great people to know what debtors who cannot pay will do hereafter. In Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nevada, California and North Carolina, the claims of creditors are discharged upon the debtor making an assignment of his property. In Indiana, Kansas, Oregon, Maryland, Mississippi and Missouri the debtor can assign his property, but cannot be discharged unless every one of his creditors consents. In Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Virginia and Georgia, a debtor may make an assignment, but he cannot get a discharge except upon payment of the debts in full. In Maine, New Hampshire and South Carolina, the law permits an assignment, but the debtor is discharged only from those debts the holders of which sign the deed of assignment. In Louisiana the law allows a discharge if the consent of a majority of the creditors is number and amount is obtained. In Massachusetts, Tennessee, Arkansas, Colorado, West Virginia, Florida, Alabama and Texas a debtor cannot even make an assignment.

COONS AND TOMMIES.

John Turner was up before Justice Clark yesterday, for making belligerent demonstrations towards his sister, Mrs. Gray, and threatening to annihilate the woman, and do dives and sundry other unlawful things, against the peace and dignity of the State. He was put in jail until this morning, for further hearing. In the meantime his "decoration," a woman by the name of Gordon, was jerked up for carrying on in true Adams style, and continuing the insurrection, while Jake was languishing in the shade. When the cases were called the evidence was ragged and would not do at all. The justice concluded to let the parties go, and maybe, by night, the matter would develop into a more tangible case.

CONFIRMATION.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Catholic Church—The Taking of the White Veil.

The church was well filled by mass o'clock, by the devoted believers in the Catholic Creed. Each one came in with bowed knee and making the sign of the cross, and sprinkling themselves with holy water from the fountain in the vestibule. Passing up the aisle each took a seat, kneeling first to offer up a silent prayer. Even the little ones, just learning to travel in the road that all.

GOOD CATHOLICS.

Before the services began a white banner, of the St. Agapine Society, was seen at the eastern entrance, and advancing, was followed by about fifty boys and seventy-four girls. The boys were in their usual dress. The girls were dressed in snowy white, each with a white veil surmounted with a wreath of natural flowers, presenting a very beautiful appearance. They marched up the center aisle towards the altar, and were seated.

Then the tones of the organ broke forth in a rich melody, and soon a choir of the altar, opened and Bishop Ryan, followed by Rev. Father Grisham and assistants, entered.

The choir sang an anthem and the organ pealed in melodious strains, while the congregation knelt.

The preliminaries were concluded with the usual reading, singing and responses, and High Mass was celebrated.

The Bishop, during the opening, was seated to the left of the altar, in his rich robe and purple crown.

After Mass the Bishop took charge of the ceremony of confirmation, and the candidates were called to the foot of the altar. A greater portion of the proceedings—reading, prayer and singing—were in Latin, and understood only by those who are acquainted with Catholic service.

The Bishop then explained to the principles of the Catholic church in a brief but impressive manner, and urged them to make haste in preparing for the life to come, and to guard themselves in this life and live above the reproach of the world.

Then the sacrament was administered to each and the rite was concluded.

The organ again struck up a JOYFUL ANTHEM and the choir sang.

During the ceremony a death like stillness pervaded the church, broken only by the voice of the Bishop.

It is almost impossible to describe the beautiful forms and cereimonies of this rite and its surroundings; the grandeur of the altar, with its images and lighted wax tapers; the golden cross and purple and lace robes.

THE EFFECT.

Even upon one who is a stranger to such scenes, is very remarkable and creates a lasting impression. It must certainly have its full force upon the candidates, and especially the young ladies who have just taken the "White Veil"—one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church.

Spanish Doubtious.

Back in Pennsylvania, in the county of Huntingdon, there is a quiet and lovely little town called Alexandria, situated far down in the heavy woods and thick forests, amongst the hills. Many years since, this village and the vicinity thereabout was infested with cut-throats and thieves. One of them, called "Lewis the Robber," was a terror to the neighborhood. Many a farmer had he stopped in the broad, open light of day and relieved of whatever loose change that happened to be about him. Many a poor traveler had he murdered and robbed under cover of a dark and dreary night, on the Pittsburgh pike-road. Last week a couple of gentlemen were out hunting on Scott Mountain, in the vicinity of the town, and having wounded a squirrel it ran into the hollow trunk of a large oak. In reaching for his game great was their surprise, but no less pleasurable, to find an old Dutch oven filled with Spanish Doubtious, Mexican dollars, English sovereigns and other coins, all dated previous to the year 1830. They divided between them the treasure, which amounted to \$6,300—a pretty good find. It is supposed to have been planted there by "Lewis the Robber."

A Noble Woman.

Mr. Mrs. Gilbert, of this place, left on Monday for Vickburg, where she goes to offer herself as nurse for the yellow fever sufferers. There's a nerve and noble humanity in a practical shape. Mrs. Gilbert is a young, accomplished and refined lady, and had the yellow fever in New Orleans some years ago. She is the widow of Mr. J. F. Gilbert, and a daughter of the late Capt. Wm. W. Gilbert, a warm hearted, generous and liberal man in his day, who, when wealthy, would scatter his dollars in charity without stint. She is also a sister of Mrs. Florence Rowan, of this place, widow of the late Capt. T. E. S. Rowan, Circuit Court Clerk, so well known as a gallant officer with Gen. John Morgan. The prayer of our whole people goes with her in her perilous journey to aid of the distressed of Vickburg. We hope that she may be spared amid "the pestilence that walketh in darkness."—Galatians, Xth, Epistle.

Mr. Gilbert, a niece of Capt. C. A. Dexter of this city, and from him we learn that she has heretofore risked her own for the sake of others, having nursed the small pox and fever patients some years ago. While Mr. Gilbert is worthy of admiration for his noble purposes, it seems almost like taking too much risk, to rush into the very jaws of death. But we hope that, having gone on her mission of mercy, she will be rewarded with the success of her efforts and that she will pass through the ordeal unscathed.

"To Be or Not to Be."

It is a question of importance to all official creatures, whether they will be cured of disease by remedies which have a train of bad effects, or by a medicine that strikes at the cause of the malady and eradicates it without doing any more harm than that much water. Chapman's Fever Remedy, for the cure of all diseases caused by malarial, is a palatable, powerful and safe medicine, and has never produced headache, noise in the ear, deafness, or any of the evils consequent on the use of Quinine, Arsenic, etc.

For sale by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations.

What has become of the political campaign in Pettis county. Going by default?

SWEET SPRINGS FAIR.

Second Day—Sedalia's Artist Wins Four Premiums—Chas. Messerly Captures a Blue Ribbon—Splendid Stock and Who Owns It.

The Sweet Springs Fair opened on Monday, the 16th, with a fair attendance, which was increased yesterday, and a large number of visitors is expected to-day and tomorrow. The weather is propitious and the attractions numerous. One of the features of the first day's exhibition was a premium of \$400 for the best band, the successful candidate to play during the week. There was but one entry, the Marshall band, and consequently no contest and no award of premium. The Marshall band was engaged during the fair. A Bazozer yesterday visited THE FLORAL HALL, which was well filled with mammoth productions of the field and garden, which well attested the fertility of the soil and the skill of Sedalia's husbandry. The golden products of the dairy, and beautiful specimens of embroidery, needle work, etc., showed that the fair sex had not been idle. Several Brown-vine merchants made a creditable display.

There were also a number of beautiful oil paintings, engravings, etc., some of the work of Sedalia's gifted artist, Capt. Bousa Cox, who took the following PREMIUMS:

On best oil painting, landscape, \$400. Best oil painting, figure piece, \$400. Best collection of oil paintings by one person, \$800.

Best crayon drawing other than portrait, \$400.

Mr. T. A. Nichols, a lady from the vicinity of Marshall, had on exhibition an elegant painting in water color, and a pencil sketch, both of which captured first premiums.

Mr. Martha Brown, of Salina, who for twenty-five years has borne the reputation of the queen of exhibitors in Central Missouri, is represented by about fifty entries of specimens of her handicraft, and, as usual, is carrying off the honors which her excellence and industry merit.

The Bazozer Printing Establishment and Bindery had on exhibition several specimens of books, etc.

THE RING.

was the most interesting feature of yesterday's exhibition. In the ring for trotting horses that had never before three minutes, there were about eight or ten entries, and the display of horses was very fine. The contest was for the following premiums:

First premium, \$100.00. Second " 50.00. Third " 30.00.

The first premium was taken by McCoy & Leland, of Carrollton.

The second was taken by Capt. W. J. Paff, of Pettis county.

The third by Adams and Harris, of Pettis.

Mr. C. E. Messerly, of Sedalia rode out of the ring with a blue ribbon as 88 premium for the best saddle gelding over three and under four years of age.

For the best ladies' saddle animal there were eight entries, and two premiums—\$7 and \$3.

The first premium was taken by E. M. Holman, of Carroll county, and the second by C. Barrett, of Saline county.

In the ring for the best gentleman rider there were five entries and all were such splendid riders that much time was consumed in awarding the premiums, which were disposed of as follows:

First premium, \$5, L. F. Hudson of Miami.

Second premium, \$3, Dave Hancock, of Elmwood.

Third premium, \$2, John Hancock, of Elmwood.

Fourth premium, \$1, R. A. Gordon, of Lexington.